

THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

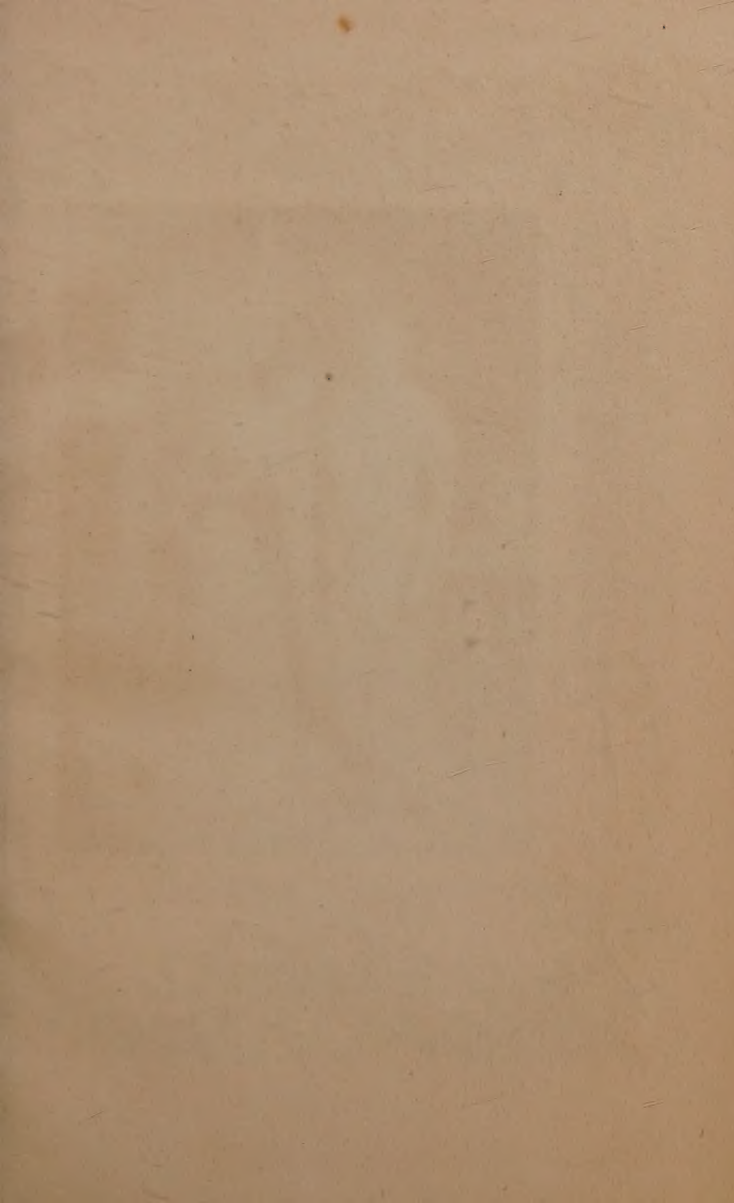


JULIUS CÆSAR

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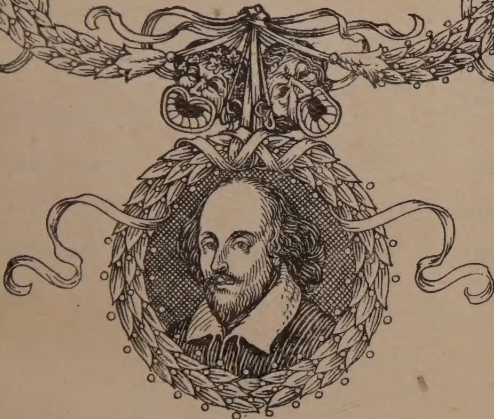


F. DICKSEE, R.A. PINXT.

Caesar and Calpurnia.

SHAKESPEARE

JULIUS CÆSAR



1911

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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

JULIUS CÆSAR.—In *Julius Cæsar* we are brought in touch with one of the world's great events, the centres of the world's history, the fall of the Roman Republic, the rise of the Roman Empire, that Empire so long the dominant power of the ancient world, and whose influence is so deeply felt even in our modern life. There is no question now, as in the *Sonnets*, of rivals for the love of a now unknown Will, for the favour of a forgotten swarthy mistress; it is the world's throne that has to be struggled for, the fate of nations that has to be settled; and yet, still, over the strife, comes to us the pained cry of the betrayed friend, "*Et tu Brute*," and Cæsar's heart bursts. The same cry is to reach us from almost every one of Shakspeare's future plays with more or less intensity,—from Hamlet's father and Hamlet himself; from Othello and Roderigo; from Duncan and Banquo; from Lear and Edgar and Gloster (in *Lear*); from Antony and Octavius; from Coriolanus, Timon, and Prospero; from Posthumus and Belarius (in *Cymbeline*). While beside the false friends stand the true

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ones, Antony to Cæsar; Horatio to Hamlet; Cassio to Othello; Macduff to Malcolm; Kent and the Fool to Lear; the Steward to Timon; Paulina to Hermione. Friendship was much in Shakspeare's thoughts. The lesson of *Julius Cæsar* is, that vengeance, death, shall follow rebellion for insufficient cause, even rebellion with the noblest of motives, for misjudging the political state of one's country, and misjudging the means—taking unlawful ones—to attain your ends: Do not evil that good may come. The play is one of that class by which Shakspeare taught political lessons to his countrymen. What made Shakspeare produce this historical play in 1601? We know its date by an extract from Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, 1601, no doubt written when the play was quite fresh in people's minds:—

“The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious:
When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?”

As there is nothing in *Plutarch's Lives* that could have suggested this, Weever must have known Shakspeare's play.¹—What happened in England in 1601 to make Shakspeare anxious to enforce the lesson of it? Why, Essex's ill-judged rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, on Sunday, Feb. 8, 1601. He, the queen's most petted favourite and general, broke out in armed rebellion against her in London. His outbreak was

¹ There are links, too, with *Hamlet* which support this date, the mention of Cæsar by Hamlet himself, and the same train of thought running thru both plays.—M.

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ridiculously ill-advised. He was taken prisoner, tried, and executed on February 25, 1601. And I cannot doubt that this rebellion was the reason of Shakspeare's producing his *Julius Cæsar* in 1601. Assuredly the citizens of London in that year who heard Shakspeare's play must have felt the force of "*Et tu Brute,*" and must have seen Brutus's death, with keener and more home-felt influence than we feel and hear the things with now. Among Essex's friends was *that* Lord Southampton, to whom Shakspeare dedicated both his *Venus* in 1593, and *Lucrece* in 1594: the latter thus:—

"The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

"Your lordship's in all duty,

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE."

For his share in the rebellion, Southampton was imprisoned in the Tower (and was not set free till after Elizabeth died, in March, 1603), so that we must believe that the whole matter came home to Shakspeare's heart, though I feel sure that Shakspeare as a patriot, with his intense love for England, preferred his country to his patron, and told the world too, by his new play, what his feelings were. If, too,

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Shakspeare's company, through Augustine Phillippe, one of its members with whom the contract was made, was the company that acted *Richard II.* in the streets for Essex and his party, the actors would be most desirous to prove their loyalty by producing this new play, with its lesson of vengeance on conspirators. I cannot give in to the notion that Shakspeare didn't allude to political events in his plays. We know he did to women's painting their faces and wearing sham hair, to men's absurd dresses and drunkenness, &c. &c. Why not then to greater things? He, with his intense patriotism and love of England. To say that he didn't, is all gammon and pooh.

Julius Cæsar is not the hero of the play: Brutus is; yet Cæsar's spirit rules, as Cassius and Brutus before their deaths acknowledge. As Gloster's murder in *2 Henry VI.* is the turning-point of that quadrilogy, as Arthur's death is the turning-point of *King John*, so here Cæsar's murder is the centre and hinge of the play. His death overcomes his conquerors. His bodily presence is weak and contemptible, but his spirit rises, arms his avengers, and his assassins proclaim its might. His successor, Octavius, inherits the empire he created, but did not enjoy. Cæsar prevails. The Cæsar of the play is not the great conqueror of Britain (did Shakspeare make him despicable for that?), but Cæsar, old, decaying, failing both in health and mind. His long success has ruined his character, has turned his head. He fancies himself not a man as other men. "He affects to play the god, thinks dangers will fly before him, says that he

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himself is more dangerous than danger, considers his word absolute and sufficient, declares he is more constant than the northern star; and yet, mark it, after one of his proudest speeches, 'Always I am Cæsar,' he says to Antony, 'Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,'—a subtle Shaksperian touch, the evidence of his frail mortality coming on the declaration of his might and greatness." He thinks, as Professor Dowden says, that he can read other men with a look: Cassius, who has this power indeed, he does read, but the soothsayer and the conspirators he does not. In Act I., sc. ii., he speaks of himself in the third person; he swoons when the crown is offered to him; he opens his doublet and offers his throat to be cut; just like a stage-actor. He has the falling sickness, or epilepsy; he's deaf in one ear, superstitious, pompous, arrogant, and boastful. He accepts flattery when professing to be above it; he vacillates, though he says he's constant, &c. "But, as Professor Dowden has pointed out (*Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*), it is not against the physically weak Cæsar that the conspirators plotted, but against his ambitious spirit. To conquer this, they kild his body; but the spirit of Cæsar, after death, rose triumphant and conquerd them all. Yet Cæsar as we see him was weak and inconstant, and perhaps all the more dangerous from the point of view of the conspirators, therefore." On the other hand, Brutus is one of Shakspeare's noblest men, if not *the* noblest. We have him first as a friend to Cæsar, telling him of the soothsayer: "I love him well," he says (Act I.;

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sc. ii.); "Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his." Yet he is not gamesome; he's vexed and at war with himself; he thinks he is not the man to set the times right, yet if honour calls him he must act: he has thought before of the troubles coming on the State, and would rather be a villager, a pagan, than in Rome under a king. Yet he is no judge of men; he cannot see that Cassius is playing on him as on a pipe; he misjudges Antony, and always takes the wrong steps in action. He wants insight and reasoning power, and agrees to join in the murder of Julius Cæsar on a supposition only:—

"He would be crowned:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question."

It is parallel to the old argument—"Support the Sodom of Turkey and oppose Russia, for fear the Slavs may some day get to Constantinople and cause unpleasantness to us." Brutus is, in fact, somewhat vain of his hereditary character and his own personal one. Blinded by this vanity, which is shown, too, in the putting himself forward to speak about Cæsar's death, and being convinced that no one can answer him, he gives in to Cassius's temptation and the flattery of the appeal to him. He is too noble or too pedantic, too ignorant of human nature, to allow the oath to be taken by the conspirators, or have Mark Antony kild. He cannot see what is necessary in practice that Cæsar's limbs should go with Cæsar. His stupid misjudgment of Mark Antony arises from looking at the mere outside of the man, because he's

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given to sports, to wildness, and much company, and is not a grave student like Brutus himself. His treatment of Cassius, too, is ungenerous, when he scolds the latter for getting gold by bad means, tho' he, Brutus, had before asked for some of it, and grumbled when it was not given him. His want of practical knowledge is again shown in his over-ruling Cassius's wise advice about the battle at Philippi, and then throwing away the battle by letting his soldiers plunder Octavius's camp instead of attacking Antony who (great soldier as he was) had beaten Cassius. Yet, with all the deductions we have to make from Brutus's character, there remains one of the noblest figures in Shakspeare. Nature stands up and says to all the world, "This was a man," setting him by Hamlet's father; and when we put his notion of honour beside Hotspur's, or Henry the Fifth's, we see how much finer a nature the Roman's was than that of our English heroes, and we do not wonder that the man who dying says:—

"My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me"—

is set down as "the noblest Roman of them all." It was under the burden of setting right his time, that he, unfit to bear that burden, sank, and died by his own hand. And in sharing the strain of that burden on him, his noble wife died too, self-slaughtered. "Portia," says Munro, "herself takes no actual part in the plot, but how different the whole play would be without her spotless purity and beauty !

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She loves Brutus, as only a noble woman and devoted wife can, and she notices the changes that come to him, how he muses and sighs, how he cannot eat, or talk, or sleep. She demands, womanlike, a share in his trouble, insists lovingly on a wife's privilege of being one with her lord. How apt are Cassius's words when he hears of her death: "O insupportable and touching loss!"

"Brutus was too noble for a conspirator, and it was on his nobility that Cassius played; had he been suspicious like Cassius, all might have gone well, but he relied on others possessing the nobility he himself possessed, and others failed him. He would he could touch Cæsar's spirit without bodily harm to Cæsar, but knows he cannot. His nobility is known to all, and all love him; he sits high in the people's hearts; Cæsar loves him, too; the conspirators are all anxious to win him to their party; Gaius Ligarius, ill as he is, comes for the love he bears him; and notice, too, how deferential all are to him, altering their plans and their opinions as he thinks and desires. How tender he is to Lucius, his servant, when he finds him asleep, after the departure of the conspirators from his house; how tender to Varro and Claudius, servants too, at his tent of war! How tender to Lucius when he falls asleep again, his instrument in his hand! Well might such a man, dying, be able to speak of all men as true to him."

A word must suffice to refer the reader to Professor Dowden's beautiful passage on the glorious scene between Brutus and his wife, pure soul to soul, no

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thought of earthly dallying between them. Note the lift from the scene between Hotspur and his Kate.

The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and is drawn from part of Plutarch's Lives of Julius Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony, printed in *Hazlitt*, Part I., vol. iii., pp. 171-253, 315-418. See also my friend Professor Skeat's Shakspeare's *Plutarch* (Macmillan & Co.) and *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, edited by G. F. Tucker Brook, in the Shakespeare Library of Chatto and Windus. Shakspeare followed his sources very closely, and in places quite literally, but the skill with which he has adapted and selected them is one of the finest exhibitions of his genius. The play extends over two and a half years, but six days only are represented on the stage, Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. New Shaks. Soc.*, 1877-79, p. 200.

JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} <i>Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.</i>
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,	
CICERO,	} <i>Senators.</i>
PUBLIUS,	
POPILIUS LENA,	
MARCUS BRUTUS,	} <i>Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.</i>
CASSIUS,	
CASCA,	
TREBONIUS,	
LIGARIUS,	
DECIVS BRUTUS,	
METELLUS CIMBER,	
CINNA,	
FLAVIVS and MARVLLVS, Tribunes.	
ARTEMIDORVS, a Sophist of Onidos.	
A Soothsayer.	
CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.	
LUCILLIVS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.	
VARRO, CLITVS, CLAVDIIVS, STRATO, LVCIVS, DARDANIUS, Servants to Brutus.	
PINDARVS, Servant to Cassius.	
CALPHVURNIA, Wife of Cæsar.	
PORTIA, Wife of Brutus.	
Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.	

SCENE.—During a great part of the Play, at ROME: afterwards near SARDIS, and near PHILIPPI

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street

Enter FLAVIVS, MARVLLVS, and certain Commoners

Flav. Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you home :

Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me
directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a
safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of
bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with
me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me,
thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the
awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor
women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir,
a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great

danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire,
And do you now cull out a holiday,
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this
fault

Assemble all the poor men of your sort :
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners.]

See, wher their basest metal be not moved :
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol :
This way will I : disrobe the images
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets ;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. A Public Place

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia ; for our elders say,
The barren, touchéd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember :
When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed.

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar !

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—peace yet
again ! [*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, 'Cæsar !'—Speak : Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March !

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of
March.

Cæs. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng : look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak
once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March !

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius,*
Be not deceived : if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexéd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to
hear :

And, since you know you cannot see yourself.
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and Shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good.
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, ' Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? '—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tiréd Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 't is true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan ;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, ' Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar ?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;

Weigh them, it is as heavy ;—conjure with 'em,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
shamed!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of
Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much
show

Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter ! But I fear him
not :—

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.* *CASCA*
stays behind.

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak : would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him ; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus : and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting-by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark

it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;— yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swounded, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you : what, did Cæsar swound ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like : he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people

did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues.—And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, ‘Alas, good soul!’ and forgave him with all their hearts; but there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again; but those that understood him

Julius Cæsar

smiled at one another, and shook their heads ; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good ; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you :
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Julius Cæsar

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit* BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero !

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well
by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches joined ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me : and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transforméd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
'These are their reasons,—they are natural ;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbéd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace
so ?

Julius Cæsar

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walked about the streets
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbracéd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And, when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman, you do want
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind ;
Why old men fool, and children calculate ;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and performéd faculties,

To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.—

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night ;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not,
Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Casca.

So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then ?
 Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman : then I know
 My answer must be made ; but I am armed,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait :
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA

Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stayed for ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content : Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this

In at his window ; set this up with wax

Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,

See Brutus at his house : three parts of him

Is ours already ; and the man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Rome. BRUTUS's Orchard

Enter BRUTUS

Bru. What, Lucius, ho !—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ! awake, I say ! What,
Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS

Luc. Called you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death : and, for my
part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned :—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question :

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—
that ;

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may :
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus : that what he is, augmented,

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!'—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocking within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. *[Exit LUCIUS.]*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru.

Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru.

Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

Bru.

Let 'em enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou put thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here
But honours you : and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metel-
lus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ?

[*BRUTUS and CASSIUS confer apart.*]

Dec. Here lies the east : doth not the day break
here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire : and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress ? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means

Met. O, let us have him : for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds .
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not ; let us not break with
him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched, but only
Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urged.—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards ;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar :
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious ;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace ! count the clock

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flatteréd.
Let me work ;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's : we'll leave
you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;

Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—fast asleep. It is no matter ;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise
you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
I urged you further ; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot :

Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevailed on your condition
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
 To walk unbracéd, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurgéd air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: and upon my knees

I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,—for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation ;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman ; but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :
 I grant, I am woman ; but withal
 A woman well reputed,—Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so fathered, and so husbanded ?
 Tell me your counsels ; I will not disclose them.
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru.

O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile ;
 And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart :
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charáctery of my sad brows :—
 Leave me with haste.

[*Exit PORTIA.*

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS

Lucius, who 's that knocks ?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with
 you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
 Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new-fired I follow you

Julius Cæsar

To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace
*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
night-gown*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night :

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
' Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar ! '—Who's within ?

Enter a Servant

Serv. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? think you to walk
forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : the things that threat-
ened me

Ne'er looked but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpéd in the streets ;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their
dead ;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them !

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets
seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Julius Cæsar

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible :—
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

Julius Cæsar

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,—
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamed to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these

Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted :

It was a vision fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance :
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say :

And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
 'Break up the senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 'Lo, Cæsar is afraid' ?
 Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
 phurnia !

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
 Give me my robe, for I will go :—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
 CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too ?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna :—now, Metellus :—what, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—[*aside*] and so near will I
be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go to-
gether.

Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same,
O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street near the Capitol

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

Art. ‘Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be’st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.’

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may’st live:

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

Por. I pr’ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well ;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer

Por. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou
been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say, I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Rome. The Capitol ; the Senate
sitting

A crowd of People in the street leading to the Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street ?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following

All the Senators rise

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discoveréd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose ;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR
and the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him
go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed : press near, and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your
hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puis-
sant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet
words,

Low-crookéd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banishéd :

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing of my banished brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you ;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me .

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fixed and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So, in the world,—'t is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion : and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute ?*—Then fall, Cæsar !

[*Dies.* The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !'

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted ;

Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good
cheer :

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the
people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so :—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.—
That we shall die, we know ; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Enter a Servant

Bru. Soft ! who comes here ? A friend of
Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honoured him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
 smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony,

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;

Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bayed, brave
hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so :
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was,
indeed,
Swayed from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside to Brutus*] You know not what you do ; do
not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter ?

Bru.

By your pardon ;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do 't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant.

Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livéd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming ;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar !— *[Seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanced :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile ;

Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place : there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men ;

According to the which thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.]

SCENE II.—Rome. The Forum

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of
Citizens*

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here :
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS
goes into the pulpit.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my
cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe
me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine
honour, that you may believe : censure me in your

wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy,

nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interréd with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* That has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not
take the crown:

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;—
I found it in his closet,—' tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark
Antony.

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's
will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ,
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ! we 'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar ; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors :—honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will !
read the will !

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave. [*He comes down*

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii :
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed ;
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty
heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.—
O, now you weep ; and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here.
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! about,—seek,—burn,—fire,
—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace, there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:—

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do't:—they're wise and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal :—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his
death.

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber : he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

1 Cit. Never, never !—Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Cit. Go, fetch fire !

3 Cit. Pluck down benches !

4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything !

[Exeunt Citizens, with the body.]

Ant. Now let it work :—mischief, thou art
afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt !

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street

Enter CINNA, the Poet

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with
Cæsar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor ?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly ; you were best.

Cin. What is my name ? Whither am I going ?
Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a
bachelor ? Then, to answer every man directly and
briefly, wisely and truly : wisely I say, I am a
bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry :—you'll bear me a bang for that, I
fear. Proceed ; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy ?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet ; I am Cinna the
poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated at a table*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

SCENE II.—Before BRUTUS's Tent, in the Camp
near Sardis

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pin-
darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quartered ;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

Bru. Hark ! he is arrived.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! repeat the word along.

1 *Sold.* Stand !

2 *Sold.* Stand !

3 *Sold.* Stand !

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine
enemies ?

Wherein my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corrup-
tion,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be graspéd thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is 't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods ! Must I endure all
this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more : fret, till your proud
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me,
Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection ;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived
my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius ! you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;

Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave
me

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow,
hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling
fools?—

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you,

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia ?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so ?—

O insupportable and touching loss !—

Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her
death

That tidings came ;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Re-enter LUCIUS with wine and tapers

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.—

Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here receivéd letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in
yours ?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :—

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection ;
For they have grudged us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged :
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.—

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on :
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius ! [*Re-enter LUCIUS*]—My gown.
[*Exit LUCIUS*]—Farewell, good Messala :—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watched.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep:
It may be, I shall raise you by-and-by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it
me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*

This is a sleepy tune :—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good
night.—

Let me see, let me see :—is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

Bru. Well,

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any-
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

[*To VARRO.*] Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:
You said, the enemy would not come down.

But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage :
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Prepare you, generals,
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, " Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! "

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like
hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damnéd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,—

I draw a sword against conspirators :
When think you that the sword goes up again ?
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope.

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,

Joined with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct. Come, Antony ; away !—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and
swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho !

Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucil. My lord ?—

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*]

Cas. Messala,

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday ; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compelled to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion : now, I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perched,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted us :
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.—

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.—

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall :
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together .
What are you then determinéd to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself :—I know not how
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life :—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know
The end of this day's business, ere it come !
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Plains of Philippi. The Field of
Battle

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills

Unto the legions on the other side.

[*Loud Alarum.*

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !—
Myself have to mine own turned enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit* PINDARUS.]

This day I breathéd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life has run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ,
Yet he spurs on :—now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius !—now
Some light :—O, he lights too :—
He's ta'en : [*Shout*] and, hark !
They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Re-enter PINDARUS

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath :

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
And, when my face is covered, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are
done !

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenoméd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius,—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *Young*
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius !

Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as
these ?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body :

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—

And come, young Cato ;—let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—
'T is three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ;
then BRUTUS, Young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go
with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

[*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is over-
powered, and falls.*]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honoured, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil.

Only I yield to die

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honoured in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is
ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the
general.—

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Lucil. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe ;

Give him all kindness : I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead ;

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanced. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cli. Statilius showed the torch-light; but, my
lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the
world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whispers him.

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low Alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you,
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but laboured to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly !"*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru. Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS*]
I prythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Stra. Give me your hand first : fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be
still :

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum: Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in,
Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay; if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ' This was a man ! '

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field to rest : and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES

I. i. p. 21. **Rejoice in his triumph.**—This was in celebration of Cæsar's victory over the sons of Pompey—the elder of whom, Cnæus Pompey, was beheaded after the battle of Munda, in Spain—and of his appointment as consul for the next ten years, and dictator for life. The triumph was actually celebrated in September, 43 B.C., but Shakspeare dates it 6 months earlier, February, 44 B.C., for dramatic purposes.

I. i. p. 22. **The feast of Lupercal.**—The Lupercal was an enclosure on the Palatine Hill, dedicated to the god Pan; and there the chief rites of the annual feast, held during February, took place. The celebration was called the Lupercalia, and its priests Luperci (from Lupercus, the god of fertility). It was a festival of purification for the city walls. The Luperci ran round the walls, playfully striking those who obstructed them, with leathern thongs cut from the thighs of sacrificed animals. The origin of the name has been traced to "Lycæus," one of the titles given to Pan, from the Greek term for "wolf," as he was the patron god of shepherds, and protected the flocks from wolves.

I. ii. p. 23. **Antony for the course.**—Mark Antony was chief of the Julian Luperci; a company of flamens were on this occasion raised to equal dignity with the other priests of Pan, whose duty it was at the feast of Lupercalia to run up and down the streets, wearing nothing but a narrow girdle round them, and waving a thong of goat's hide. Plutarch records that owing to the popular belief in the magical power of the flamen's thong, those women who were with child would hold out their hands to be struck to ensure "good delivery," and those who were barren that they might shake off "their sterile curse."

Notes

I. ii. p. 24. **Ides of March.**—The Ides (Idus) of the Roman Kalendar fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October ; and on the 13th of the other eight months.

I. ii. p. 28. **Æneas.**—The son of Anchises, and legendary progenitor of the Romans ; he was said to have borne his father on his shoulders from the flames of Troy.

I. ii. p. 29. **Like a Colossus.**—In allusion to the colossal brass statue at Rhodes, which, according to tradition, formed the entrance to the harbour, bestriding it from side to side. So vast was the figure's size that ships in full sail could pass between the outstretched legs. Its height was 70 cubits, or 105 ft., according to one account ; another gives 90 ft. It was esteemed one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

I. ii. p. 30. **There was a Brutus once.**—Alluding to Lucius Junius Brutus, who caused the Tarquins to be driven from Rome, and kingly authority to be exchanged for consular authority. As consul himself, he condemned his own sons to death for joining in a conspiracy to restore royalty.

I. ii. p. 37. **He should not humour me.**—Brutus should not influence me as I am influencing him. Johnson took " he " to refer to Cæsar, but the context is against this reading.

I. iii. p. 42. **I know my answer must be made.**—I shall be called to account for my words.

I. iii. p. 43. **Pompey's porch.**—The portico of Pompey's theatre, in which his statue was set up. It was here Cæsar was actually assassinated, his blood staining the statue, though Shakspeare places the tragedy in the Capitol, and imagines the statue there.

I. iii. p. 44. **Where Brutus may but find it.**—Where none but Brutus will find it.

II. i. p. 48. **Your brother Cassius.**—Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus ; therefore here, as elsewhere by Shakspeare, "*brother* " is used for " brother-in-law."

Notes

II. i. p. 49. **Erebus.**—A region of complete darkness imagined as being between Earth and Hades.

II. i. p. 54. **Count the clock.**—An anachronism. The Romans measured their time by sun-dials and clepsydræ. The clepsydræ measured time by the flowing of water, after a similar principle to the sand in the hour-glass.

II. i. p. 55. **Unicorns may be betrayed with trees.**—Alluding to the belief that the unicorn could be tricked into charging violently at a tree, in an attempt to reach the huntsman partly concealed behind it. The horn of the unicorn would stick fast in the trunk of the tree, and he could then be easily captured.

II. i. p. 55. **Bears with glasses.**—Bears were said to be attracted by mirrors, into which they would gaze at their own reflections, thus affording the huntsmen an opportunity for taking sure aim.

II. i. p. 55. **Elephants with holes.**—Elephants were lured into pitfalls by food placed on a light covering of hurdles and turf arranged over a pit.

III. i. p. 74. **Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, etc.**—The passage probably read: "Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause," in the original edition, and thus drew Ben Jonson's criticism, "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things that could not escape laughter: as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, '*Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause,*' and such like, which were ridiculous." It is not improbable that the Folio text was changed either by Shakspeare or his editors in consequence of Jonson's ridicule.

III. i. p. 79. **Still falls shrewdly to the purpose.**—Always strikes very near the mark.

III. i. p. 80. **No strength of malice.**—The Folio reads, '*in strength of malice*'—i.e., nerved with the intensity of hatred towards Cæsar's tyranny. Capell proposed '*no*' for '*in*'; Pope, 'exempt from malice.' There are many other emendations, but perhaps the Folio gives the most forcible and likely rendering.

III. i. p. 84. **Até.**—The goddess of discord and strife. This was the earlier conception; later she became more a goddess of vengeance.

III. i. p. 84. **Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war.**—In olden times "Havoc" was the cry used in war as a declaration that no quarter should be given. Saxon *hafoc*. To 'let slip a dog,' a hunting technicality: to let slip the leash in which the dogs were held until the moment for pursuit.

III. i. p. 84. **Octavius Cæsar.**—Octavius, the son of Atia, Julius Cæsar's niece, was adopted by the dictator. At the period here denoted he was about nineteen years of age, and pursuing his studies at Apollonia, in Illyricum.

III. ii. p. 94. **The Nervii.**—A number of small tribes around the river Scheldt, whose territory was afterwards known as Belgium. The defeat to which Antony alludes forms one of Cæsar's famous victories, and as such was peculiarly calculated to excite the populace into enthusiasm.

III. ii. p. 97. **On this side Tiber.**—Shakspeare followed North, who translated from Amyot. The gardens were actually on the opposite bank of the river.

IV. iii. p. 112. **Cynic.**—The *Cynics*, followers of Diogenes, cultivated a rude manner, and purposely flouted social conventions. Plutarch introduces 'a cynic philosopher' here in place of the '*poet*.'

IV. iii. p. 113. **Swallowed fire.**—In North's "Plutarch" there appears the following tale of Portia's death: "And for Porcia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the Philosopher, and Valerius Maximus do write, that she, determining to kil herselfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keepe her from it), tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close, that she choked herselfe."

IV. iii. p. 119. **How ill this taper burns!**—It was an ancient superstition that lights grew dim, or turned blue, at the approach of spectres. In North's "Plutarch," narrating the present incident, mention is made of "the light of the lamp, that waxed very dim."

Notes

V. i. p. 121. **Philippi.**—In Macedonia on the Thracian border.

V. i. p. 125. I held **Epicurus strong and his opinion.**—I believed with Epicurus that the gods dwell apart from men and are untroubled by human affairs; hence that visions and omens are illusions of sense. In "Plutarch," Cassius expounds at length the Epicurean doctrine, to explain Brutus's vision, opposing the Stoic belief that the universe is sustained in every detail by divine immanence, and hence that signs and portents are natural and of supreme significance.

V. iii. p. 133. **Thasos.**—An island in the North Ægean, off the coast of Thrace, at no great distance from Philippi.

A MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY



GLOSSARY

- Abide:** expiate. III. i. p. 76.
Abject orts: thrown-away scraps, leavings. IV. i. p. 102.
Addressed: prepared, ready. III. i. p. 73.
Alarum: warning, alarm. Italian *all'arme!* V. ii. p. 128.
Alchemy: the long and secretly-followed science of transmuting baser metals into gold. I. i. p. 45.
Amazed: bewildered. III. i. p. 76.
Angel: guardian angel. III. ii. p. 94.
Annoy: harm. II. i. p. 53.
Answer: be prepared. V. i. p. 123.
Apparent: evident. II. i. p. 54.
Apprehensive: capable of understanding. III. i. p. 75.
Apt: likely. II. ii. p. 66; ready, willing. III. i. p. 79.
Arrive: reach. I. ii. p. 28.
As: on. V. i. p. 125.
Astonish: stun with terror. I. iii. p. 40.
Bait: heckle. IV. iii. p. 107.
Barren-spirited: dull, poor-spirited. IV. i. p. 102.
Bastardy: base action. II. i. p. 52.
Battles: forces. V. i. p. 122.
Bay: bark at. IV. iii. p. 107.
Bay'd: brought to bay. III. i. p. 81.
Bear me a bang: receive a bang. III. iii. p. 99.
Bear me hard: bear me ill will, harbour a grudge against me. I. ii. p. 37.
Beholding: beholden, indebted. III. ii. p. 89.
Bend: steadfast look. I. ii. p. 28.
Bestow: place, put. I. iii. p. 44.
Bills: written orders, billets. V. ii. p. 128.
Bird of night: the owl. I. iii. p. 128.
Bondman: (with a play upon 'bond,' a document.) I. iii. p. 42.
Bones: body. V. v. p. 133.
Bosoms: confidence. V. i. p. 122.
Break with: broach the matter to. II. i. p. 52.
Brought: accompanied. I. iii. p. 37.
Bustling rumour: sound of tumult. II. iv. p. 69.
Calculate: prognosticate. I. iii. p. 40.
Calphurnia: Caesar's fourth wife. I. ii. p. 23.
Cautelous: wary, wily. II. i. p. 51.
Censure: judge. III. ii. p. 86.
Ceremonies: ceremonial adornments. I. i. p. 22; any observance or practice regarded as sacred, hence 'omens,' 'portents.' II. i. p. 54; II. ii. p. 62.
Chair: "public —," the rostra in the Forum. III. ii. p. 89.
Change: in exchange. V. iii. p. 131.
Charactery: writing (the trouble graven upon). II. i. p. 59.
Charm: conjure. II. i. p. 57.
Chew upon: consider, ruminate. I. ii. p. 31.
Chopped: chapped. I. ii. p. 34.
Clean: completely. I. iii. p. 39.
Climate: region. I. iii. p. 39.
Closet: small chamber. II. i. p. 92.

Glossary

- Cognisance:** tokens of honour. II. ii. p. 65.
- Colour:** pretext. II. i. p. 46.
- Come by:** acquire. II. i. p. 57.
- Companion:** fellow. IV. iii. p. 112.
- Complexion:** appearance. I. iii. p. 43.
- Conceited:** estimated. I. iii. p. 45.
- Concluded:** resolved. II. ii. p. 65.
- Condition:** temper, disposition. II. i. p. 57.
- Conned by rote:** studied thoroughly. IV. iii. p. 110.
- Consorted:** attended, accompanied. V. i. p. 126.
- Constancy:** firmness. II. iv. p. 69.
- Constant:** firm. II. i. p. 72.
- Construe:** reveal and explain. II. i. p. 59.
- Content:** "be —," restrain yourself. IV. ii. p. 105; "could be —," would be glad. V. i. p. 122.
- Contrive:** plot. II. iii. p. 68.
- Controversy:** seeking resistance. I. ii. p. 28.
- Couchings:** bowings. III. i. p. 73.
- Cross:** forked. I. iii. p. 40.
- Damn:** condemn. IV. i. p. 100.
- Dearer:** more deeply. III. i. p. 81.
- Deliver:** tell, explain to. III. i. p. 80.
- Difference:** "passions of some —," conflicting emotions. I. ii. p. 25.
- Dint:** impression. III. ii. p. 94.
- Directly:** plainly. I. i. p. 20.
- Discomfort:** discourage. V. III. p. 133.
- Discover:** disclose. I. ii. p. 26.
- Doublet:** a man's under garment (Elizabethan dress is assumed throughout the play). I. ii. p. 35.
- Drachma:** a Greek coin, worth a little more than sevenpence. III. ii. p. 97.
- Drawn:** huddled together. I. iii. p. 38.
- Element:** sky. I. iii. p. 43.
- Emulation:** envy. II. iii. p. 68.
- Enforced:** exaggerated. III. ii. p. 88.
- Enlarge:** give full vent to. IV. ii. p. 105.
- Enrolled:** recorded. III. ii. p. 87.
- Ensign:** standard-bearer ('It,' the standard). V. iii. p. 127.
- Entertain:** take into service. V. v. p. 139.
- Envious:** malicious. II. i. p. 53.
- Envy:** malice, hate. II. i. p. 53.
- Eternal:** infernal (used as an expletive). I. ii. p. 30.
- Even:** pure. II. i. p. 51; level. V. i. p. 122.
- Exhalations:** meteors. II. i. p. 46.
- Exigent:** exigency, emergency. V. i. p. 122.
- Extenuated:** depreciated. III. ii. p. 87.
- Face:** assumption of boldness. V. i. p. 122.
- Face of men:** the sense of peril depicted in men's faces. II. i. p. 51.
- Faction:** company of conspirators. II. i. p. 49.
- Factionous:** energetic. I. iii. p. 43.
- Fall:** happen. III. i. p. 83; V. i. p. 126; droop. IV. ii. p. 104.
- Falling-sickness:** epilepsy. I. ii. p. 34.
- Famed with:** made famous by. I. ii. p. 30.
- Familiar instances:** signs of familiarity. IV. ii. p. 103.
- Fantasies:** tricks of imagination. II. i. p. 56.
- Fashion:** "begin his —," come into service with him. IV. i. p. 122.
- Favour:** aspect, appearance. I. ii. p. 27; I. iii. p. 43; countenance. II. i. p. 49.
- Fearful bravery:** timid display of valour. V. i. p. 122.

Glossary

- Fell**: cruel, fierce. III. i. p. 84.
Ferret: red, like a ferret's eyes. I. ii. p. 81.
Fetch: escort. II. i. p. 55.
Figures: disturbing images. II. i. p. 56.
First decree: what has already, and therefore finally, been decreed. III. i. p. 73.
Fleering: grinning. I. iii. p. 43.
Flourished: triumphed. III. ii. p. 94.
Fond: foolish. III. i. p. 73.
Force: necessity. IV. iii. p. 116.
Formal constancy: quiet composure. II. i. p. 55.
Former: foremost. V. i. p. 125.
Freedom of repeal: free recall. III. i. p. 74.
Fret: fleck, dapple. II. i. p. 50.
From: contrary to. I. iii. p. 39, 40.
Funerals: funeral obsequies. V. iii. p. 133.
General: the common people. II. i. p. 46.
General coffers: public treasury. III. ii. p. 90.
Genius: the ego within the body, directing the faculties and bodily activities. II. i. p. 48.
Glanced: hinted. I. ii. p. 37.
Glazed: glared with fixed eyes. I. iii. p. 38.
Good regard: worthy considerations. III. i. p. 82.
Grace: honour. III. ii. p. 89.
Grievs: grievances. I. iii. p. 43; III. ii. p. 95.
Hands: handwritings. I. ii. p. 37.
Have some aim: guess. I. ii. p. 36.
Head: an armed force. IV. i. p. 122.
Health: welfare, safety. IV. iii. p. 107.
Heap: "upon a—," in a group. I. iii. p. 88.
Hedge in: restrain. IV. iii. p. 107.
High-sighted: haughty and insolent. II. i. p. 51.
Hilt: (of a single weapon). V. iii. p. 130.
Holds on his rank: stands firm in his resolutions. III. i. p. 75.
Hooted: shouted with wondering admiration. I. ii. p. 84.
Humour: capricious temper. II. i. p. 57.
Hurtled: clashed. II. ii. p. 62.
Hybla: a district in Sicily famed for its excellent honey. V. i. p. 123.
Idle bed: bed of idleness. II. i. p. 51.
Incorporate: closely united. I. iii. p. 43.
Indifferently: without prejudice. I. ii. p. 27.
Indirection: unfair practice. IV. iii. p. 109.
Instruments: bodily organs and functions. II. i. p. 48.
Insuppressible: insuppressible. II. i. p. 52.
Intermit: delay. I. i. p. 22.
Issue: act. III. i. p. 85.
Jade: a poor, worthless horse. IV. ii. p. 104.
Jealous on: suspicious of. I. ii. p. 26.
Jigging: a "jig" was formerly used for a ballad or rhyming verse. Hence here rhyming, ballad-making. IV. iii. p. 112.
Kerchief: a head-cloth. II. i. p. 60.
Kind: nature. I. iii. p. 40.
Knave: used for 'boy.' IV. iii. p. 118.
Laughter: jester. I. ii. p. 26.
Lay: keep. I. ii. p. 34.
Lethe: death. Lat.: *letum*. III. i. p. 81.
Liab: subject. II. ii. p. 66.
Light: alight. V. iii. p. 130.
Lover: friend. II. iii. p. 68.
Lovers: friends. V. i. p. 126.
Low-crooked: low-bent. III. i. p. 74.
Lupercal: see Notes. I. i. p. 22.
Main: dominant, firm. II. i. p. 54.

Glossary

- Mart:** market, vend. IV. iii. p. 106.
- Mechanical:** belonging to the working classes. I. i. p. 20.
- Misgiving:** presentiment of evil. III. i. p. 79.
- Modesty:** moderation. III. i. p. 82.
- Monstrous:** unnatural. I. iii. p. 41.
- Motion:** impulse. II. i. p. 48.
- Napkins:** handkerchiefs. III. ii. p. 92.
- Naughty:** wicked. I. i. p. 20.
- Neats-leather:** ox-hide. I. i. p. 21.
- New-added:** reinforced. IV. III. p. 116.
- Nice:** slight, trivial. IV. iii. p. 106.
- Night-gown:** dressing-gown. II. ii. p. 61.
- Noted:** stigmatised. IV. iii. p. 105.
- Observe you:** conform to your humours. IV. iii. p. 107.
- Occupation:** trade. I. ii. p. 35.
- O'er-watched:** worn out with too much watching. IV. iii. p. 118.
- Offence:** injury. IV. iii. p. 116.
- Old Brutus:** (see Note to I. ii. p. 30, '*There was a Brutus once.*') I. iii. p. 44.
- Omitted:** neglected. IV. iii. p. 116.
- Opinion:** reputation. II. i. p. 52.
- Orchard:** garden. III. ii. p. 97.
- Over:** "all—," in succession. II. i. p. 51.
- Palter:** equivocate. II. i. p. 51.
- Pass:** pass through. I. i. p. 21.
- Passion:** feeling. I. ii. p. 25; III. i. p. 85.
- Path:** walk abroad. II. i. p. 49.
- Phantasma:** indistinct vision. II. i. p. 48.
- Physical:** wholesome, healthy. II. i. p. 57.
- Pitch:** the height to which a falcon soars. I. i. p. 22.
- Pleasures:** pleasure gardens. III. ii. p. 97.
- Plutus:** the god of riches. IV. III. p. 110.
- Posture:** position. V. i. p. 123.
- Prefer:** recommend. V. v. p. 139.
- Preformed:** originally designed. I. iii. p. 40.
- Presently:** immediately. III. i. p. 78.
- Prevent:** anticipate. II. i. p. 46; V. i. p. 126.
- Prevention:** detection. II. i. p. 49.
- Pricked:** marked on the list. III. i. p. 82.
- Prodigious:** portentous. I. iii. p. 41.
- Produce:** carry forth. III. i. p. 82.
- Profess myself:** make professions of friendship. I. ii. p. 27.
- Proof:** experience. II. i. p. 46.
- Proper:** handsome. I. i. p. 21.
- Property:** instrument, tool. IV. i. p. 102.
- Pulpits:** rostra, platforms. III. i. p. 75.
- Put on:** reveal, betray. II. i. p. 56.
- Quality:** disposition. I. iii. p. 40.
- Question:** "call in —," consider. IV. iii. p. 114.
- Rank:** too full-blooded. III. i. p. 79.
- Rascal:** worthless. IV. iii. p. 109.
- Remorse:** clemency, mercy. II. i. p. 46.
- Repealing:** recalling. III. i. p. 74.
- Replication:** echo. I. i. p. 21.
- Resolved:** assured. III. i. p. 78.
- Resting:** stable. III. i. p. 74.
- Retentive:** restraining. I. iii. p. 42.
- Rheumy:** moist. II. i. p. 57.
- Rived:** torn. IV. iii. p. 109.
- Rome:** with quibble on "room." III. i. p. 85.
- Sad:** serious. I. ii. p. 33.
- Search:** enter, pierce. V. iii. p. 130.
- Security:** over-confidence. II. iii. p. 68.

Glossary

Sennet: a set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, from Old Fr., *signet*, and Lat., *signum*, a sign, used in the stage-directions as a signal of arrival and departure. I. ii. p. 24.

Senseless: inanimate. I. i. p. 20.

Severel: distinct, special. II. i. p. 52.

Shadow: image. I. ii. p. 26.

Show: expression. I. ii. p. 25.

Shrewd: mischievous. II. i. p. 58.

Sick offence: harmful malady II. i. p. 57.

Signed: marked, stained. III. i. p. 81.

Slight: of little value. IV. i. p. 81.

Smatch: taste, flavour. V. v. p. 138.

Softly: slowly. V. i. p. 122.

Sort: class, rank. I. i. p. 22.

Speak: explain, declare. IV. iii. p. 120.

Speed: prosper. I. ii. p. 27.

Spoil: blood. III. i. p. 81.

Squeal: the word had no ludicrous suggestion in Shakspeare's time. II. ii. p. 62.

Stale: degrade. I. ii. p. 26.

Stand upon: trouble themselves about. III. i. p. 76.

Stare: stand on end. IV. iii. p. 120.

State: condition of affairs. I. iii. p. 41.

Stays: keeps. II. ii. p. 65.

Stomachs: inclination. V. i. p. 125.

Strain: race, stock. V. i. p. 124.

Strange: alien. I. ii. p. 25.

Stubborn: severely restraining. I. ii. p. 25.

Success: issue. V. iii. p. 131.

Sudden: quick. III. i. p. 72.

Sway: established order of things. I. iii. p. 38.

Swoond: swoon. I. ii. p. 34.

Take thought: yield to melancholy brooding. II. i. p. 54.

Tardy form: ill-bred, rude manner. I. ii. p. 36.

Taste: respects, manner. IV. i. p. 102.

Temper: temperament. I. ii. p. 29.

Thews: muscles. I. iii. p. 41.

Thick: dim. V. iii. p. 129.

Time of life: full term of life. V. i. p. 127.

Time's abuse: the evils of the present time. II. i. p. 51.

Tinctures: blood-stained mementoes. II. ii. p. 65.

'Tis just: exactly so. I. ii. p. 26.

Unbraced: with doublet unbuttoned. (See 'Doublet.') I. iii. p. 40.

Undergo: undertake. I. iii. p. 43.

Unlucky: foreboding evil. III. iii. p. 98.

Unmeritable: undeserving. IV. i. p. 101.

Upmost: topmost, highest. II. i. p. 46.

Vaunting: boasting. IV. iii. p. 108.

Voice: vote. III. i. p. 80.

Void: open, deserted. II. iv. p. 70.

Vulgar: the common people. I. i. p. 22.

Warn: summon, challenge. V. i. p. 122.

Waspish: irritable. IV. iii. p. 108.

Well: in friendly terms. IV. ii. p. 108.

Well given: well disposed. I. II. p. 32.

What night: what a night! I. iii. p. 39.

Whet: incite. II. i. p. 48.

Wind: turn. IV. i. p. 102.

Word: "at a —," at his word, I. iii. p. 35.

Worthless: unworthy. V. i. p. 124.

Yearns: grieves, mourns. II. ii. p. 67.





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